# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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## OUR MOODS

How should I praise Thee, Lord! How should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might always feel!

Although there were some forty heavens or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score—
Sometimes to hell I fall.

Oh, rack me not to such a vast extent!
Those distances belong to Thee;
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Oh, let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
Oh, let me roost and nestle there!
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet—take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best.
Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor;
This is but tuning of my breast
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

—*George Herbert*

## THE PERSEVERANCE OF SINNERS

Watching thereunto with all perseverance.—*Ephesians*, vi, 18.

ONE of the favorite doctrines of the old Puritan divines was what they called the Perseverance of the Saints. It strikes me that a more interesting subject is the Perseverance of Sinners—not their perseverance in sin, but their perseverance towards goodness.

Paul in his letter to the Ephesians meant perseverance—real human striving. All his strongest words of what God was doing for them were an encouragement to them to persevere like grim death: an assurance that *God would not give them up*, in order to prevent them from giving themselves up.

It is to me one of the most touching things in the world, the way in which those who are not saints at all, but just the world's common rank-and-file, do so often keep striving, striving, toward some better thing, doggedly keeping hold of work and duty. In the more striking form of it, it is a pitiful wrestling with besetting sins, trying to keep some hold on good in spite of repeated falls, even though worsted, still trying again and never entirely giving in.

To take this matter only on its lowest level, what an illustration there is just in the common work and grind of the world, as it goes on day after day, year in, year out. How men keep at their tasks! How they bear their burdens—grumbling at times, no doubt, but still bearing them. How they grind away—somehow! And what perseverance is that of thinkers and inventors, defeated and defeated again, and still trying; or investigating the deep science of things, baffled, and still baffled, and yet they will not give it up! I do not mean that they are always looking at the moral aspects of their toil or making a struggle of conscience to keep on going; but it is perseverance, even though it is not in the form of conscious spiritual wrestling. And it may be that, though to them it seems mere "work," it may, by Him who has ordained it, be counted not for mere work only, but for righteousness. It makes for righteousness; tends towards it.

For the discipline of life rises step by step. Do even the most mechanical work well, and it strengthens conscience and character. Persevering in the commonest labor, the world's common sinners may be led on to higher things and come by and by to persevere in these.

But the most touching illustration of what I

have called the perseverance of sinners is distinctly in the higher moral realm, in the realm of character. I am thinking of the character which is conscious of something that it ought to be and is not; and keeps trying for it; and breaks down again and yet again; and still tries again! How many there are about us in the world, of this kind! They have some habit, some besetting weakness; and time after time they give way; and yet they gather themselves up for another effort. Now and then they are strong for a while; then the old temptation comes in some unguarded hour, and it is the old story. Sometimes they become hopeless about themselves; are ready to give themselves up; perhaps do give themselves up. But not forever! By and by comes someone who speaks hopefully to them, or some occurrence of life touches them to the quick, and they spring up once more.

Character is so hard to change! Why, even to get rid of some little fault of temper,—hastiness or sulkiness or self-will,—what watchfulness, what struggling with self, what self-reproach and humiliation many and many a time before—I do not say before it is got rid of, but before we can even feel that it is ever so little better! And so of life's deeper weaknesses and sins. We may not often see the struggle in others: it is little that we know of each other's deepest life. If we knew more, we should probably find in each more evil and also more good than we dreamed of; more dire temptations, and also more of this perseverance in trying to get the better of them.

This is what gives the most pathetic interest to the life of David, a man formed "with passions wild and strong." A man with a divine spark in him, but rising out of centuries of rude barbaric life, with streaks of the wild Arab blood in him, and with one dark crime against him. And yet, who can read the pitiful cry of the fifty-first Psalm, the Psalm of his penitence:—

> "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. . . . Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me. . . . The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise,"—

who can read all this and not feel how the root of goodness was still in him! And what a perseverance it was, which, even after such a fall, would still try again, and look into the very face of the Holiest, and not give up hope!

And now what does this struggle and perseverance of sinners mean? I think it surely has a meaning of God's providence and purpose for the world's poor, weak life, and a meaning for all who are trying to help on God's purpose. Its greatest worth is in its light upon the future—its great light of a Divine meaning and mercy that is working even with man's poorest struggles, and will surely bring them to some good at last.

Yes, *if the soul has really struggled.* Yes, if the heart has honestly and really and in its deepest life longed and tried for goodness. Here is where the emphasis comes on this very matter of perseverance: never to give up the watching and praying and striving. Never to give oneself up to evil; to keep the face and the heart set toward goodness, even though one does keep slipping back. To keep the life set that way and trying that way. And to believe in that forgiveness of sins which Christ preached, and so not to sit mourning over the past, but to keep trying to make the future better. That is the perseverance which Paul preached. It was to that he encouraged the poor sinners he was writing to. It was for that he stirred them with those great thoughts of how God had called them, and wanted them, and must have them.—*Brooke Herford.*

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## FARMERS' BULLETINS

Some of the country readers of our little paper may find practical help in their work if they send for certain pamphlets lately prepared for the Government by experts in their several lines and published for the benefit of the people. So long as there are plenty of copies of these pamphlets on hand, anyone may have them free. Later, when copies become comparatively scarce, there is to be a charge of five cents for each one. Among the interesting titles are:

No. 1382. Fattening steers in the corn-belt.
1390. Vegetable seeds for home and market garden.
1394. Watermelons.
1397. Mouse control in field and orchard.
1408. The house fly.
1409. Turkey raising.
1424. Making vinegar in the home.
1444. Game laws for 1924–1925.

If any of these are desired, be sure to mention *the number of the pamphlet* as well as its subject. Address your letter to

United States Department of Agriculture
Office of Publications
Washington, D. C.

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When Gen. Leonard Wood was a small boy, he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said: "Leonard, give me a sentence, and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood." "The horse draws the cart," said Leonard. "Very good. Now change the sentence to an imperative." "Get up!" said young Wood.

## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When anyone writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

### SPECIAL NOTICES

*Please read and follow the suggestions*

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

*It is necessary that letters be written with ink.*

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

### REQUESTS

1. I am a farmer's wife and have one little girl, six years of age. I would like some reading for myself and pictures for the little girl, and I would also like to correspond with some good lady. I enjoy letters and almost any kind of reading. (Mrs.) C. E. Spears, Marshville, N. C., R. 5.

2. Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Campbell, N. C., and Mrs. Bertie Mabe at the same address, will be glad of reading matter.

3. Mrs. Rosa Sharpe, Warrensville, N. C., a widow with two little girls, will appreciate good reading and cards.

4. Mrs. W. E. Barker, Dott, W. Va., fears her friends have forgotten her. She hopes to receive reading matter and cards for her little ones during the winter.

5. Mrs. Lillie G. Morgan, Athens, Tenn., R. 7, has recently lost her mother. She is feeling lonely and in need of cheer. Would like to receive letters, magazines, and scraps for quilts.

6. Miss Ada Nolen, Elamsville, Va., has two brothers, aged nine and fifteen, and a sister, six years old; the mother is in poor health. They would be glad to receive reading matter and quilt scraps.

7. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C., the mother of three children aged nine, seven, and five, asks for reading matter and cards.

8. Mrs. Walter Hurley, Red Jacket, W. Va., has a husband who works in the coal mines and seven children: Conley (13), Zell (10), Willard (8), Gale (6), Ruby (4), Robert (2), and Hope, a baby. She asks for reading matter and cards.

9. Mrs. Ettie Neaves, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 103, would like to receive reading suitable for herself and for a boy of eleven. There are also two younger children—Pauline, three years old, and Henry Ford, four months old.

10. Mrs. Mildred Alley, Germanton, N. C., asks for the *Literary Digest*, for *Pollyanna*, and *Daddy Long-Legs;* she would like to receive material for quilts, too: bits of cotton, silk, or velvet.

11. I want to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who helped me in my school work last year, and to ask for aid again this term. I am going to teach in a new school in a little dwelling-house. We have no equipment at all, and any schoolroom helps will be highly appreciated. The children have never attended any school. The work will be primary altogether. I have to seat the house from my salary, which is small. The families in the district cannot help much, as most of them have a hard time making a living.

I shall be grateful indeed for any kind of help for them. We greatly need books, a chart, and a blackboard. I give as a reference Professor C. C. Wright, Hunting Creek, N. C. (Mrs.) A. W. Howell, Boomer, N. C. (formerly Miss Nora Carlton).

**12.** I would highly appreciate any good reading for my five children: Elva (14), Louis (12), Pauline (11), Roy (8), and Fay (5). They especially enjoy *The Youth's Companion*, no matter how old the numbers may be. My former address was Waxahachie, Texas, and some years ago I did receive literature, for which I want to thank all who sent it. (Mrs.) E. C. Wann, Forreston, Tex., Route F.

**13.** I am a girl living a long way out in the country. There are not any others about here now; my sister has just left. I have had a lot of reading, and will be very grateful for some patchwork scraps of any kind. Grace Biles, Norwood, N. C., R. 2, Box 78.

**14.** I am the mother of five children, all girls: Lora Cordelia (14), Verlie Viola (12), Marina Almeda (6), Rosa Bessie (3), and Ruth Vattris (three months). We live in the country on a rented farm, and my husband works away from home most of the time. We are poor, but enjoy reading very much, and we would appreciate books, papers,—any good reading matter,—and picture cards. We have no pastor at present, but for reference I will give Mrs. R. L. Rose, Lansing, N. C. May God bless the *Cheerful Letter*, and may it reach many homes. Margaret Johnson, White Top, Va., R. 2, Box 7.

**15.** I am a young married woman and have a little son, two years old. We are poor people who have to work hard. I have appendicitis and the doctors say I need an operation; I have very sick spells sometimes. I want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* to send me scraps for patchwork, or cheer of any kind. Dovie Willard, Elamsville, Va.

**16.** Edric Tuggle, Elamsville, Va., Box 9, has been ill, and would appreciate light reading.

**17.** As I stay alone most of the time, with my two small children, while my husband is working away from home, I would be glad to have some reading matter—any of the "Ruth Fielding" series written by Alice B. Emerson, or any of L. T. Meade's books, or Horatio Alger's; in fact, any good standard books would be very welcome. I should enjoy patchwork pieces, too, either cotton or silk. (Mrs.) Roy Payne, Tryon, Nebraska, U. S. Star Route.

### Special Notice

When applying for membership in the Exchange, please remember to send the name and address of some minister as reference.

Also bear it in mind that letters meant for publication should be written in ink. Several letters this month were written in pencil, and no attention can be given to them.

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As soon as we lay ourselves entirely at His feet we have enough light given us to guide our own steps; as the foot soldier, who hears nothing of the councils that determine the course of the great battle he is in, hears plainly enough the word of command which he must himself obey.—*George Eliot.*

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It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou wouldst not; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou wouldst do.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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These things I have spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—*John xvi, 33.*

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Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow:
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—*M. F. Butts*

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Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.—*M. A. Kelty.*

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Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more—a grateful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessing had spare days,
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

—*George Herbert*

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The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.—*Numbers vi, 24-26.*

## DOLL-HOUSES FOR ROYALTY

A GREAT many little girls have had the fun of making houses for their smaller dolls. A wooden box from the nearest grocery, papered inside and provided with rag rugs; furniture cleverly contrived with cardboard boxes, spools, paste and patience—anyone who ever tried it knows what a delight such home-making and home-furnishing may be. People with easy access to city shops can buy fascinating sets of furniture ready-made, and pieces of this, that, and the other, but it is doubtful if they really enjoy it quite so much as those who succeed in *making* a table that stands firm on four legs, and who produce wee dishes from acorn-cups, smooth chips of wood, and discarded bits of tin.

Visitors to an old royal palace that still stands in Kensington Gardens, in London, see a doll-house with which a certain little English girl used to play about a hundred years ago—the little girl who, in later years, became Queen Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. Some of the furniture in little Victoria's playhouse must have cost a good deal of money, but on the whole it does not look so much like a real house as do the simpler ones that our children make for themselves. What small Victoria did with her own fingers—helped by a teacher who gave lessons in sewing—was to dress a great many little dolls, to represent people whom she knew. The dolls were wooden, with painted hair and faces, and most of them were about as tall as your hand.

Quite lately the present Queen Mary of England—whose husband was a grandson of Queen Victoria—has received as a present the most wonderful doll-house that ever was made. Her own children are too old to play with it, but the idea is that the house shall be kept carefully in one of the royal palaces, so that a hundred years from now, or five hundred years from now, the people who are then living may be able to see just how a very grand English home was built and furnished in 1924. And, as there are likely to be all manner of changes in people's way of life in the next few hundred years, that ought to be very interesting!

The house is modeled in a general way like Buckingham Palace in London, where Queen Mary now lives. It is about five feet high and eight or nine feet long. The outside is made of tiny blocks of stone, but parts of it can be taken off like a big box-cover, giving a chance to see everything inside. There are rooms with beautiful silken carpets and curtains, and wonderfully carved chairs and sofas and tables, just like those in the real palace-rooms where the King and Queen receive visitors. There is a library, with shelves along the walls filled with tiny books, printed and bound just like real books, only the size of your little finger or even smaller. And in the library is a writing desk with a chair before it, and every sort of thing for the writing of letters: wee sheets of paper and envelopes, tiny inkstands, and pens, and pencils, and blotting paper.

The house has a dining-room all ready for doll-guests, its table spread with dainty white linen, dishes of china and silver and gold and glass, knives and forks and spoons no bigger than straws, lovely artificial flowers in bowls and vases, looking like fairy forms of real roses and other blossoms. On an upper floor are bedrooms, with everything which could be wished for in the real home of a queen: beds spread with sheets as fine as the most delicate handkerchief, and blankets to match; dressing-tables with mirrors the right size to show a fairy her back hair; real electric lights that can be turned on and off; and, close by, bathrooms whose wee tubs and basins can be filled with real water by turning a silver faucet; and there are linen towels the size of two fingers.

And this is not all; for if you were a doll of the right size, and could look out of a window in one of these rooms, you would see a delightful garden surrounding the house—a garden with trees and blossoming rosebushes, and pleasant, shady paths, and what appears like actual green grass. And, if you looked out of the right window, you might see an automobile, just the proper size for the doll-owners of the house, waiting in the driveway to take somebody out for a ride.

Perhaps the nicest part of the whole house is the "nursery" or playroom for the supposed children of this house. It has every kind of thing that a doll's doll-children could desire: cribs to sleep in, dishes for the bread-and-milk luncheon; toys of all sorts, even some little tin soldiers, "about as large as mosquitoes," somebody describes them.

Altogether, it is a marvelous house, this palace that the English people have given to Queen Mary. But probably, when it comes to real fun, any one of us would actually get more enjoyment out of a house that we have planned with our own heads and made with our own hands.

*Miriam F. King.*

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"O EARL, the baby has hurt himself!" cried Mrs. Decker. "Run quick, dear." The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropped on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured offspring. Presently he returned. "He fell down and bumped his head on one of the pedals," he reported. "Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests. "No," he answered, "fortunately his head struck the soft pedal!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

## THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

SHAKESPEARE'S famous tragedy, "Julius Caesar," includes in two short scenes a stormy interview between two soldiers who were among the most important men in the whole Roman Empire after the death of Caesar himself. Those two scenes are here combined in one, in the hope that some boys and girls may like to read the parts carefully, make up their minds what sort of man Brutus was, what sort Cassius was, and which was probably more nearly in the right. Then, when they can really enter into the spirit of the talk, no doubt others of the family will like to hear the scene read aloud. The third character, Lucilius, is also a soldier, a friend of Brutus and an old acquaintance of the angry Cassius.

The place is supposed to be at the tent of Brutus, pitched near the rest of the army which he commands. Brutus and Lucilius are present at first; later, Cassius enters, and Lucilius goes away, leaving the two leaders together.

BRUTUS.—What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?
LUCILIUS.—He is at hand.
BRUTUS.— A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved?
LUCILIUS.—With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.
BRUTUS.— Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
LUCILIUS.—He means this night in Sardis to be quartered.
The greater part are—
BRUTUS.— Hark! He is arrived!

(*Enter Cassius.*)

CASSIUS.—Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
BRUTUS.—Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
CASSIUS.—Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—
BRUTUS.— Cassius, be content.
Speak your griefs softly (I do know you well),
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us.
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away,
And I will give you audience. Let no man
Come to the tent till we have done our conference.

(*Lucilius goes out.*)

CASSIUS.—That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes, here, of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
BRUTUS.—You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
CASSIUS.—In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
BRUTUS.—And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
CASSIUS.— I, an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
BRUTUS.—Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
For his supporting robbers? Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped—thus?
I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!
CASSIUS.— Brutus, bait not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
BRUTUS.— Go to! You are not, Cassius.
CASSIUS.—Urge me no more: I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no further!
BRUTUS.—Away, slight man! Hear me; for I will speak.
Must I give way and room for your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
CASSIUS.—When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
BRUTUS.—Peace! Peace! You durst not so have tempted him.
CASSIUS.—Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRUTUS.—You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold,—which you denied me,—
To pay my legions. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts:
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS.— I denied you not.

BRUTUS.—You did.

CASSIUS.— I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my answer. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
He loves me not.

BRUTUS.— I do not love your faults.

CASSIUS.—A friendly eye could never see such faults!
Now Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed
To cast into his teeth! Oh, I could weep
The spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar!

BRUTUS.— Sheathe your dagger.
When I spoke thus, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand!

## A HORSE'S JOKE

*The Youth's Companion* tells the story of a horse with a real sense of fun:

"She was a beautiful coal-black mare of the Morgan type and frequently was turned out to graze in a small pasture near the house.

"One June day when owing to a recent shower the grass was sweet and tender her master had occasion to use her. He walked over to her and as usual took her by the forelock without difficulty, but when he tried to halter her to his astonishment she began to whirl round; her front feet described a circle while her hind feet remained stationary. He held fast to her forelock as long as he thought was wise; then, seeing that she was determined to regain her freedom, he let go and went rolling on the ground. Kicking up her heels defiantly, the mare galloped away.

"Reaching the farther side of the pasture, she turned just as her master, who had been stunned slightly, was slowly regaining his feet. At sight of him her whole demeanor changed at once. She neighed sympathetically and trotted hurriedly to him. Then with a look in her large, intelligent eyes that seemed to say, 'Pardon me,' she lowered her head and meekly allowed him to put the halter on her."

## THE BABY'S CATECHISM

"WHERE did you come from, baby dear?"
"Out of the everywhere into the here."

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?"
"Out of the sky as I came through."

"Where did you get that little tear?"
"I found it waiting when I got here."

"Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?"
"From the same box as the cherubs' wings."

"Where did you get that pearly ear?"
"God spoke, and it came out to hear."

"How did they all just come to be you?"
"God thought about me, and so I grew."

"But how did you come to *us*, you dear?"
"God thought about you, and so I am here."
—*George Macdonald*

NOT far from Limington, Me., a professor and his four-year-old went fishing. The professor having arranged to tell the boy when he had a bite, soon called, "Pull him in, pull him in!" The methodical boy's moderate reply was, "I don't want to pull him in, I want to take him out."

MISS ROSE asked her eighth grade: "What are the sister States?" Mabel answered: "I am not sure, but I should think they were Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Louisa Anna, Della Ware, Minne Sota, and Mrs. Sippi." —*The St. Cloud (Minn.) High School Mascot.*

"BOBBY," said the minister to a little fellow aged six, "I hear you are going to school now." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "What part of it do you like best?" "Comin' home," was the prompt answer.—*Boys' Life.*

TEACHER: "Willie, have you whispered today without permission?" Willie: "Only wunst." Teacher: "Johnny, should Willie have said 'wunst'?" Johnny: "No'm—he should have said twict."—*Boston Transcript.*

A WESTERN real estate agent bought a piece of land in a boom town and built his office right in the center of the property. The morning after, a man came walking cross lots toward the place. Just before the stranger reached the open door the promoter picked up his telephone receiver and began in a loud tone: "Yes," he said, "I'll meet you in the morning at the Union Trust Company—surely your certified check for $10,000 will be O. K. Good-bye." Then, turning to the visitor waiting in front of his desk, he said cordially: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "Not much," replied the stranger, casually, "I'm the telephone man come to connect up that instrument."

WE have a neighbor whom we knew to be greatly devoted to her own family, but until we had our first California thunderstorm, writes a friend of *The Youth's Companion*, we did not know that she was entirely lacking in a proper sense of humor. I heard her calling in the midst of the storm, and opened my window. "Is Mr. Hunter at home?" she said, excitedly. "I had a dreadful shock when I took down the telephone receiver, and I want him to come over and put it back on the hook." "Isn't Mr. Roberts at home?" I suggested. "Oh, yes. He is in the garage with the boys, but you know I think it is very dangerous to handle the thing, so I don't want to call them."

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

### ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

### WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

*Notice to those who give:—*

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

*To those who receive:—*

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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